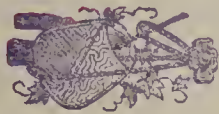


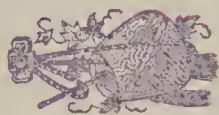
Happy New Year to You All, Dear Friends

"At Twelve Last Night the Old Year Died,
And His Musty Robes were Laid Aside ;

"Ring Bells, Ring, With Your Mellow Din,"



"Ring the Old Year Out and the New Year In."



1884.

But ere the Last we Hid from View,
The Bells Chime forth, 'All Hail the New! "



THE

"Conservator" Carrier Boys

ANNUAL



NEW YEAR



Greeting.

O, "DAY OF THE YEAR," WITH HOPES ALL BRIGHT,
THOUGH THE EARTH BE DULL AND GRAY ;
WE WELCOME YOU IN THE PALE SWEET LIGHT
OF THE DAY THAT HAS PASSED AWAY.

ADDRESS.

There are sad tones in the frosty air
And a sadder voice to sigh ;
For the dear old King has gone to rest,
And the dear Old Year must die.
So lay it low in a shroud of snow
Beneath the midnight sky.

“ Ring out, wild bells,” from far and near,
Ring over the tossing sea ;
Ring out for the birth of the glad New Year,
So happy a year to be !

Ring out, ring out, from the world apart,
O bells so blithe and gay ;
Your message and you stand heart to heart
As you speak to us to-day.

THE CARRIER comes with confident air,
And a satisfied smile that a monarch might wear ;
A monarch ? Ah, no ! as a symbol of pride—
The monarch has dwindled since Nicholas died.

He comes with assurance because of the fact
That you owe him for tidings exhaustive, exact,
Of all that has chanced of appreciable worth,
From the near and the uttermost parts of the earth.

He has told you of marriage bells, tra-la-la-la !
He has told of divorces—ahem ! and aha !
He has told you of births with a merry guffaw—
He has told you of deaths with a whisper of awe.

He has brought you the news of terrible slaughters,
Of dire calamities happ'ning on waters ;
Of railway smash-ups, of murders frightful—
All mixed up with matters delightful.

He has told you of dark deeds done in the night,
Of things that were wrong and things that were right ;
The appeal of the Human against the strong sway
Of implacable Nature's unmerciful play.

He has brought you the news from the land of the Nile,
Where antiquity broods with perpetual smile ;
But the slumbering Sphinx has been wakened at last
By the thunder of guns from the dreams of her past.

He has brought all the world and its work to your doors,
From the pole to the Mediterranean's shores ;
And you owe him a debt you can never repay—
But see that you gladden his heart for to-day.

CARRIER BOY.

